50 YEARS OF COMMUNISM
and
1968 YEARS OF CHRISTMAS

MOTHER OF VOICES

VOL I
ISSUE 3
25¢
DEC 14-
JAN 3

OLD OBSCENITIES AND NEW IDEAS

When Oliver Mellors said to Lady Chatterley, answering her naive question about "cunt," "Fuck's only what you do. Animals fuck. But cunt's a lot more than that. It's thee, dost see; an' tha'rt a lot beside an animal, aren't ter? even ter fuck! Cunt! Eh, that's the beauty o' thee, lass," juices flowed across two continents. Here at last was a major writer speaking the language of real passion, honest passion, intimate passion. With Lawrence we could all celebrate again the sacrament of pure sexuality; he had wrenched "fuck" from obscenity to evoke the delicate sound of flesh in flesh.

In the sixties sounds have hardened. "Fuck it" is phallic penetration, power and protest, flesh crashing flesh. To the young, frustrated, angry generation it has the charm of social rape, a spiritual vibration too subtle, too gross for the population.

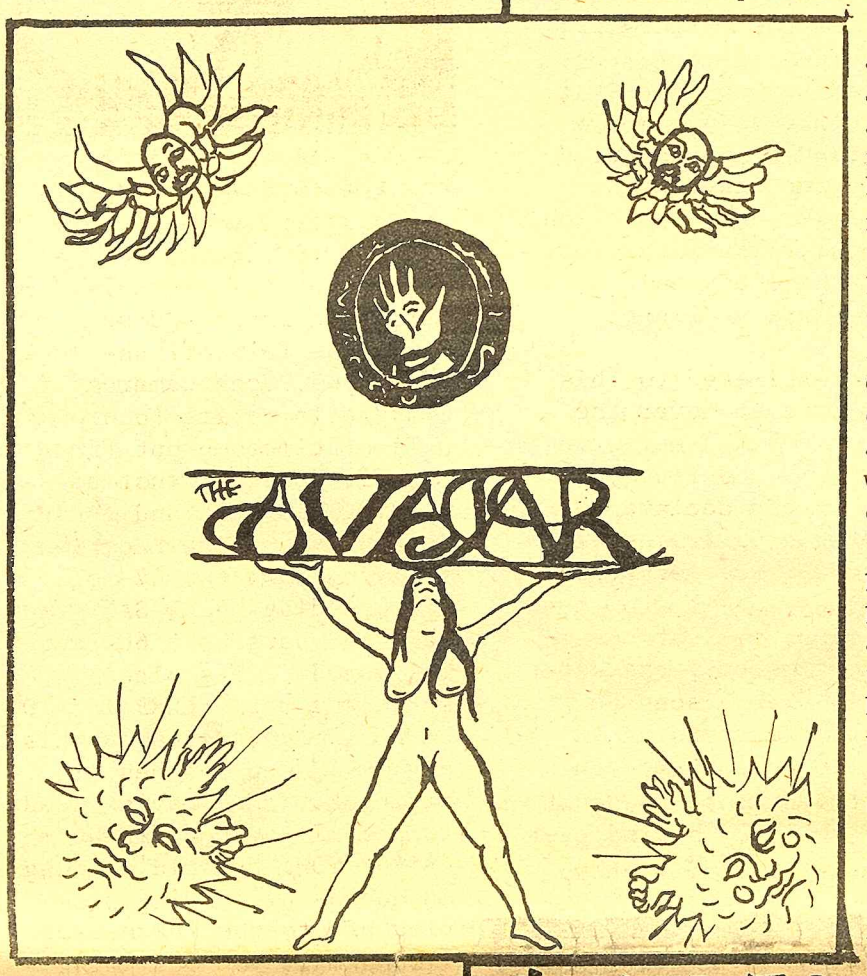
It does double duty. So it's lost its charm for the uncommitted, its delicious autistic flavor. For stimulation, we'll have to hark back to "coitus." But the kids using it have hit on the truth: what's relevant for them is obscene, irrelevant and an affectation for us. The word was just too good to hand over to a former generation.

No one disputes "shit." "Shit" still reeks its primal smell. But the kids sling it at cops, at politicians, at teachers--paragons of social order--whose *natty mechanical uniforms* seem specially designed to feature it. In place of our tight, compact, concise, objective prose, they loose their tongues at us, protest against us, sling offal in our faces. "They are the most selfish people in the world," says an eminent professor now disengaging himself from the New Left. He means the kids refuse to wallow gratefully in the shit we've deposited for them.

(CONT'D BELOW)

We shouldn't be surprised. If we've compromised, closed our eyes, shut our mouths in sacred places, stifled, scratched faces and asslicked our way to the top, we shouldn't be surprised that the young move out of our muck; and when we splash it on their pink and black bodies, we shouldn't be surprised when they yell, "Hey, that's shit!" We're losing them and all our harping about precise language, subtlety and exactitude sounds absurd coming from the latrine.

Poets, painters and philosophers have been saying about the same things the under-thirty kids are saying today, and they've said it in precise, concrete and exact language--for centuries now. Dante put hypocrites in hell, Plato stuffed them in the Cave and Shakespeare called them Henry V.



And where has it got us? These kids hear the rational message from the tube, pulpit, podium and lectern and it turns them off, as well it should. We're losing them and our endless stream of precise words oozes out of hell like Milton's snaky master of the dialectic himself. The kids know what we don't, that we've transformed the eternal poetic message into compromise and palliation. The supposition behind rhetoric is, after all, incitement to action.

But the professors are turning away from the kids and somehow we'll probably contribute, in subtle and direct ways, to their extermination. Our hands will be clean, our minds pure and our time invested in private, autistic, self-aggrandizing meditation.

Action is crude. In the study, one can ponder subtle alternatives, but when the day of protest comes, one has to make a crude choice, "Shall I go or shall I sit and think on the ironies of perfect action?" From the outside, the people on the inside making those crude choices do indeed look crude. But they are not "dumb, vicious and anomalous," as one professor said tenderly of his charges. At some point, each has had to make the choice whether to Look Crude or Be Insensate.

--Janet Clark

LETTERS...

Dear Mother,

After attending a large local university for one and one-half years, I find myself asking why. I can't help but admire the foundations of knowledge and enlightenment underlying the establishment of the University of Massachusetts, but this mother lode of intellectual gold is verily buried under tons of the rubble of requirements, red tape, social life, fraternities, and escape mechanisms. The phonies and escapists try(Shadow-like) to cloud my mind with their defecation of social life, sex, marijuana and alcohol. I can not find it in my thoroughly human heart to condemn these things, but neither can I bring myself to worship and live for them.

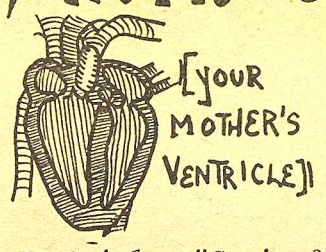
Choosing a major, standing in line, registering, and re-registering divert my attention and dull my potentially piercing curiosity. Pressure from parents, the administration, and fellow students along with the five-course load make actual enjoyment of learning nearly impossible. And, of course everyone knows that the ability to swim is so important to the learning process that it is required for graduation. It is no great shock to realize that this whole big mind factory is conformist-oriented and designed to turn out tailor-made useful citizens. How can you train yourself to be flexible and open-minded inside a machine which rejects a folded or spindled card.

Pushing to keep up on the work prevents detailed digression on any particular subject. Keep moving, kids, and don't make waves, and we will turn you loose in four years with happy but identical smiles and a genuine engraved diploma.

Drop out you say? Shape up or ship out? No, Thanks. I'll take my medicine silently and be part of the captive audience, because, despite my gripes, I like to laugh and live and love without worrying if I am going to wake up in the morning. I love my country, but I'm not so sure that bleeding in the jungle can make the world safe for democracy and Mom's apple pie. I am not looking for pity or the world at my feet, but what you are, UMASS, disturbs me. You have managed, through the haze, to open some very dark corners in my mind and turn me off at the same time.

XERXES

& NOTICES



Ventricle, "Springfield's First Underground Newspaper," has injointed itself to Mother. We boldly announce our cohabitation and, in order to form a more perfect union, incest. It was love at first sight. We are now one.

The third part of Police Blotter *will appear next issue. Hegel is out to lunch. Becker's series on communities will continue next issue. Sorry.*

Ralph Twilly reminds you to support Avatar in its struggle against the Boston Police and legal and illegal censorship. A staff member was recently sentenced to six months; the conviction is being appealed.

NOTE: Those people with subscriptions who would find it convenient to pick up their issues each week in the UMass Student Union lobby may do so. Just notify any Aunty who looks like he'd know what to do. (Those interested in subscribing, see subscription blank, page 5.)

A note was recently thrown on our sales table by an alleged member of a new institution: "The Hawk will start publishing next week...dedicated to freedom and non-cowards."

The Word from Webster: Toad spittle = cuckoo spit. (p.892)

Those interested in pushing Mothers in dorms, streets, and anyplace, contact us. Commission!

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Shirley and Jon Roses
Fred and Gail Harris

Marty Waite
Scots

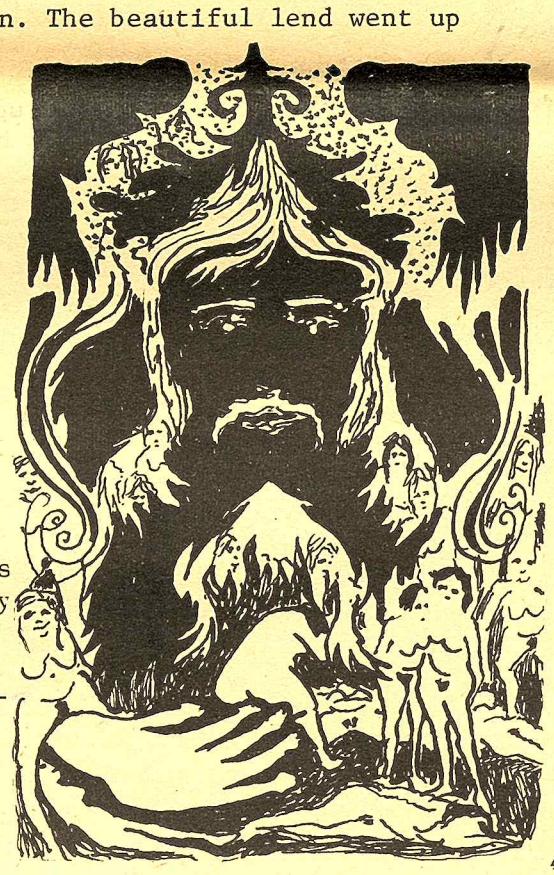
THE CAMERA NOSE

Histerday the colvonists prefired to revolt from His Omminence the King who forebait intoxication with representation. Id was not so much the madder of piecedful coresistance as flight and motion from the towns and hindering axe to the unmajortized pre-honorkissed, then all. Lax as the Procrastination of Simpering Sickgeorgy-Three led to the American Revulsion, a psychosomatic excuse for elbowing rumors of uncommon sentences of the endemictment of serpent inane rites of lithe libido and the perusal of hippiness.

The reverilutionist, as toady in the tremblieth century, believed in separation of powsonnel but the punification of graces and greeds and growlers--as the nationalists would late mock the "Lets Curse" of the hysteracial Slouth. But they of 1776 were a very idealistic gripe to try and conserve the past. So how cud they succinct? It was net so much the reverilutionists alone as a complex series of fractures. These inclue sparkedly government deficits, taxed groumples, unadmondishedment enstranglements, intellectual transfers and lesions, and separation of epedemic power from poliomelytis power. The fight for independicitis can only be cured from these bewinnings, once the people have realized that they are no linger words of Brittle, but separate.

But the five foot pole vaulters who expireted to this col/USA/ony changed face considerably, though never the basic charabanc, after the Revulsion. They had sufferin from severed claustrophobia. They had to be civilbusy setting up spires before they could jump in and declare to all the Indignans circling around the shining frames away from Mother too, "Good dead, good morning, see you again doomed!" The outworried bursted the pious-sneers from the heathens' fire to carry out their premious salivations across the Elantic Ocean. When it came timorous, the settlers put their front/eires on and said "Let Bisons be Bisons" to the good Indigana and began adversitising in Eurripped. Let us have piece or we'll manufracture you.

The Wist was designed as a manifest operatune to adopt the upsettlers. The sod was saddened, the dust bowled over the buffalo groamed in gpain. The beautiful lend went up for grubs. Adoptation was the only coy: Smokum filtertip peacepipsqueakline. Beware of forked wagonflaps! Wagonmississflops! wagingflops! women wagingflowers and Bubbles and schoolmarmalade and handcufflinks. As more whoa-men were heard, the Wistfull of Wiles was respectacled of the law and udder.



When the realrodents overtook the stammeringbloats, then wilewest and ist unifighted into their stakes as they now temselves exhist. The loansome prayery had varnished, the wastern limelits reached the Prolific Ochlocracan and the sittlers looked istorridly and sobbed and preyed for the post that had left them behindered: Hiking dumbcumb, thigh wall be dim.

o! pon ti forever grw lil country md out tim salts of the mothland savager successor and citis stretched cross the nation which walsalutas SAMERICA! Iti SAMERICA! Our hinterla visokia, where donnerdali is dead and postnatalia has conquered. Trains reign and cities are the bulletholes in the swiss cheese meltingpot. Oh! But we are fond of our fondue! Him and her and presidently it concoct the trumpeting triumvirate. Americans c,a$n%t E$ver Relax when there is no front/ier left--we've turned and revolvered upon ourselves and the world, locked between two mediocrities: freudom bogged - freedom. As long as we are 50 steps ahea-d we can get fat on hot dogs. Icecreamed compuroll roll terers numb or close our nervous aggression. (Jees! Holy Batman! We are not gggressive, are we?) and at the Fourth of July s*p*a*r*k*l*e*r*s and f%i%recrackers glorify the Purina tradition with a hip hip horror. Somepeople glorify the ***///, but our symbol is sepa/+/ration. Beware of bumbling bees and scarlet letter flags. EMake sure you have a permit to use this escalator, if you wanna be a Robert Darin. Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home, your senate's on fire, your representatives' dead.

As for him,

he got hit by a car. The bards are punding on their luttes, but nobody keeps in time with their tomb. The bards celebrate Deploration Day, of corpse, butt most redwhiteblue blooded Americans celebral Christmas more, I hope.

Cud the American Revulsion take place again today? If, Whet, Wheat, Hen and Cow? We hill exAmen Ford's bunker for the answears.

The factories menshevined above for beginning revolutions marxt coincide for the self-directed economic interest of the American people to support it. But examen the noose of today and you wall stree that the government is not bankrupt like in the 1770's. By a little bad like during the Depreciation of the '30's, revulsion might have conquered. Today, however, mostpeople agree that their taxes go to the worthy corpses. Today, the intellectuals have not deserted the establemished order, they simply want to improve it for the mast part. And whereas the intellectuals of 1776 wanted to change conditions existing to where they war, we today want to change conditions where the war is. We Disagree with much that exists in the world; but we will never feel the need to revolt. Blight or porn, my compris. We will remain foriverrun fateful to the Unifighted Stakes of America, with libido and juvenescence for all.

--- © 1967 Alexis Krasilovsky

THE WAR IS OVER

We declare the War over. We demand that Lyndon Johnson bring our sons and brothers home now! If the government persists in its current policy, we will have no choice but to go to Vietnam, end the War and bring our boys home.

We ask all Americans to pledge themselves to leave San Francisco on July 4th for Vietnam. We shall need half a million people. If everyone brings just fifty dollars, we can supply food and pay freighters to take us there and bring us back--with our brothers in Vietnam.

We shall teach both sides how to make peace with their "enemies." And we shall bring our boys home--to build schools, hospitals and roads. We need them as doctors, workers and teachers. We need them because we love them and they belong here with us.

WHAT IS WHAT

Con Edison the electric eel kneels down to crucify the eastern seaboard .... blackout! What is what? Who turned out the lights? Adam strikes a match and sees his apple fall off the neck of a tree. John Cameron Swayzee is trying to drown a Timex timebomb but finds himself drowning instead, holding his head and taking back all he said. Ladybird is axing down the 47-foot sign reading "BIRD SANCTUARY" and puts up a 60-foot billboard in its place screaming out "THERE ARE TO BE NO 47-foot signs on this highway!" Cop catches kid taking LSD; kid having good trip till the cop flashed-****** WOW! Now kid's going insane as he's being hustled off to the fuzzhouse. "Young man, you are going to get 2 years..... for Freaking out!"

Further down the road the ghost of George Lincoln Rockwell is playing jacks with a few swastikas bent out of shape. The Audobon Society is celebrating the Byrds' singing Mr. Tambourine Man by sitting on a white doorknob until it hatches or until someone opens the door. -- Chains of superstition are the ignition to stop paving the sidewalks, paving sidewalks, paving any sidewalks with cracks although I see many cracked sidewalks walking around. Are they really cracked? Ask the cement mixer.

President Johnson (gag) is a human baseball after displaying the stitches on that (sick to his) stomach. "Shucks it weren't nothin" admits Gabby Hayes as he writes the Communist Manifesto on the Bathroom wall. Later Robert Welch licks the wall clean and pulls out his tongue after it turns Red. The C.I.A. peeks in through the open window after tasting granmaw's freshly baked pie and says, "We won't case the joint anymore. No, not your joint or this joint, not that joint or her joints." Polaroid says "Man, I'm splitting" as mixed-up-jack takes his cow to New York Stock Market and loses himself in a Mardi-Gras somewhere down in New Orleans. Charleton Heston sits in a pendulum pose.... hey how's he get back in time all the time? Tired tongues ask tired questions and I'm a asking someone a question but I don't think a cannibal standing around a pot would be too answerable.

Riding back the track on a subway train I have to pass between rows of silent mannikins, all reflecting the sundown glare on sweating foreheads-- a wax museum. In the dark corners two candles have melted in their sandals which have begun to walk around Chief Tired's reservation where Geritol is cheap and off the blackmarket. -- Hubert Humphrey still uses steel wool for his nose. --Allen Ginsberg is the kiddies' new Mother Goose..... HOWL!-- oh, what is what!

--Larry Trillo

APOLOGIA

A few days ago Senator Everett Dirksen, self-appointed keeper of the key to America's chastity belt, addressed himself to the problem of Vietnam by quoting from the late General Douglas McArthur. "There is no substitute for victory," said Mr. Dirksen, and the multitudes roared. It would also seem that there is no substitute for simplicity--simple solutions for complex problems, glittering bon mots that strike at the viscera and not the mind, that roll sweetly from the tongue and don't leave a bad taste in one's mouth. It is in the spirit of this simplicity, or simplemindedness, and as a function of the Classic Comic-Readers Digest syndrome that I humbly submit what follows.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF VIETNAM

Vietnam has been successively occupied by the Chinese, the Japanese, the Chinese again, the French again, and finally by the Americans. The Vietnamese have grown to hate all the aforementioned groups with the exception of the Americans, who differ from the others in that they are not attempting to exploit the country, but are simply borrowing it and a few of the natives to destroy Asian Communism.

PERSONA DRAMATIS

LYNDON JOHNSON--duly elected President of the United States, whose contempt for the desires of the electorate is rivaled only by that of Charles de Gaulle. He has vowed to continue his present Vietnam policy even though he "may end up with a poll of one per cent before it's over with."

HUBERT HUMPHREY--the Willie Loman of Capitol Hill whose unfortunate task it is to sell Lyndon Johnson (see above) to a formerly docile public which is rapidly acquiring a great deal of sales resistance.

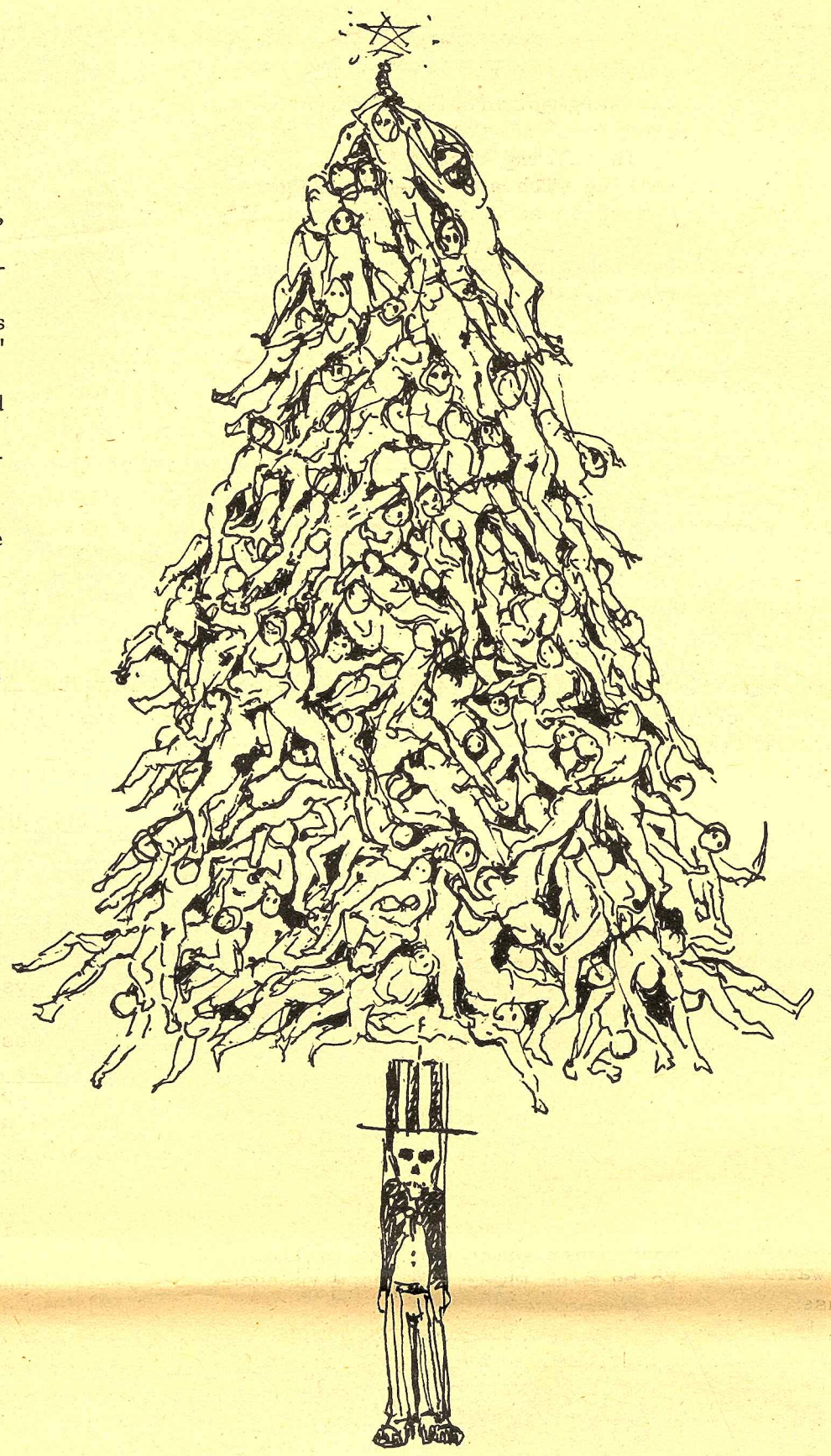
ROBERT McNAMARA--the only computer in Washington that wears a Brooks Brothers suit. He is suspected of be being a heretic and may be bombed at the stake by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

HO CHI MINH--former Parisien photographer and admirer of Nikolai Lenin, presently head of government in northern sector of Vietnam.

NGUYEN CAO KY--former Minister of Youth and Sports and admirer of Adolf Hitler, presently head of government in southern sector of Vietnam.

Glossary

Credibility Gap--a gap between the government and the public that has been so filled with verbiage, rhetoric, misinformation, and irrelevancies that it has actually become a credibility barrier.



Responsible Politician -- one who supports Johnson's Vietnam policy. Thus Dean Rusk can state unequivocally that no responsible U.S. politician advocates withdrawal.

Domino Theory--the theory that President Eisenhower's political advisors were in the back room playing dominoes when Eisenhower appointed John Foster Dulles Secretary of State.

Seato--pact that gives the United States a droit de signeur in Southeast Asia.

Yellow Peril--Dean Rusk's jaundiced view of the intellectual community.

Unconditional Bombing Pause--issue that is presently foiling negotiations. If Johnson agrees to an unconditional pause, then he cannot resume bombing without the express permission of Ho Chi Minh.

Geneva Accords--an agreement drawn up in 1954, signed by no one, and therefore totally disregarded by all non-signing parties.

--Mike Campbell

WAITING FOR SATORI

The God game is out of fashion now but that's all right. Now everyone can play the satori game. It seems new and exciting, but look at it more closely, and it's the same--deposit your intellect, press a few buttons right, and perhaps the lights will flash and you'll get a free game. Zen itself is not "the game," but neither is existentialism and you still hear people saying--I am an *Existentialist*.

Zen has now filled the position once filled by God and romantic love. It is being used as a system of abstractions to apply to the confusion inherent in consciousness. Enlightenment will come to you and remove from you the responsibility of choice and indecision. "Well, right now I'm not doing too well, but tomorrow I'll be enlightened and all sorts of goodies will be given to me." I knew someone once who read Sartre's ideas on the absurd and went around smiling for days. "I understand now--all is absurd, that gives such meaning to life."

Life goes on and on until death--spiritual or physical. No abstract can do anything at all about that. What are Koans but elaborate exercises in absurdity. You don't understand absurdity, you feel it in your being after you spend hours, days, weeks trying to figure out the sound of one hand clapping.

After Zen, there is Tao. Tao is a beautifully decorated example of an Eastern tendency--apathy. Maybe this is not implicit in Taoism itself, but more often than not, this is where it leads its confused adherents. Sit yourself down, my son, and serenity will come.

It is maybe unavoidable in times such as our own when our major western abstraction has collapsed that we import from the East, that we misuse Zen and perhaps use Taoism too correctly. After all, it is much easier to await meaning than to make it. It's the same old thing--everyone talks about absurdity but never does anything about it.

--Gerald Gillespie

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DRAFT PHYSICAL

—CREATIVE RESISTANCE—

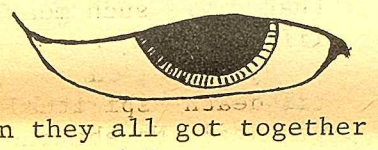
Leaflets in hand, Victor Aronow joined four volunteers from Boston College SDS and they went down to the bus. He was the only one with official papers.

There were thirty or forty inside, milling around, being given carfare for the trip home; files being opened and shut--nervous clerks.

At no time were papers checked--in the office and later in the bus--and the five of them managed to get on board, shuffling, wiggling fingers in pockets; the four from SDS had no trouble.

Victor started making a speech from the front of the bus and moved towards the center, telling them about the physical and the questions they would answer. He told them that four members from the Boston Draft Resistance office were with him. The reception was pretty good; some CO's were pleased that he was there. They talked about Constitutional rights and the war.

The guard who boarded the bus at the gate house of the Army camp mumbling, finally let them go; a second guard waved them by after they got off. Another guard--the third--stopped one of them, a loose line formed and walked by the guard. Wiggling his hand in his pocket(he had given his papers to someone from SDS), Victor got through, too.



When they all got together again, a short, round Negro sergeant warned them that this was a no-nonsense place: "Act like gentlemen and be obedient." One of the boys from B.C. appeared, surrounded by a few men in uniform and two policemen: he didn't have papers with him. The sergeant said to put him in an office around the corner.

One of the boys from B.C., Rick, said: "You mean to tell me that we don't have any free speech around here?" Waving his arms, the sergeant answered: "Stand over there, in the corner." "He was only asking a question," someone mumbled. The sergeant ordered him too(one of the CO's from the bus) to join Rick. Meanwhile Rick had sidled over to the sergeant, who, turning, ordered him back to the corner. Rick went, half-way, and this time the sergeant bellowed. By now the whole group was smirking and twittering. Disgustedly, the sergeant ordered a private to start handing out folders, and left.

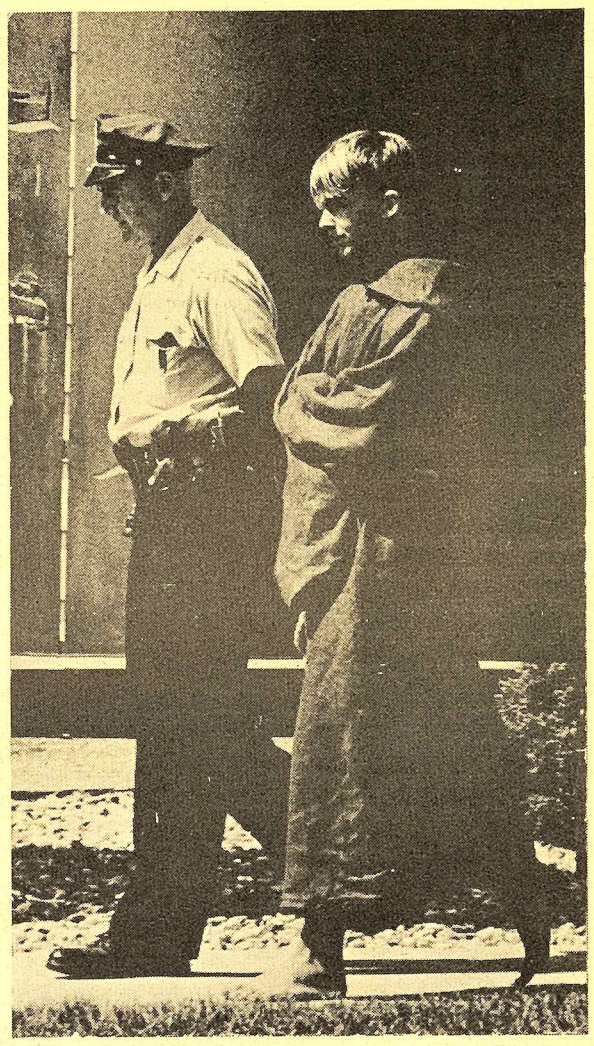
In testing room A Victor started talking with a few people about freedom of speech and the draft. Others joined them, including the one who was taken away, and they started filling out their medical forms. When Victor got up to the part about general health, he asked if it was OK to write he was sick of the draft. "No!" But he was told he could write about his mental health. So he wrote an essay about how thinking about the war had ruined his health over the last three years.

Time for the physical. Going to the door, he dropped his folder--blocking the door while trying to catch all the forms. He managed, but then jacket, sweater, pen, buttons, keys, change spewed out over the floor. The befuddled corpsman tried to figure out what was going on, while some smoked (forbidden) and talked, and the whole mess was straightened out in fifteen minutes.

They were stopped next to some benches, so Victor started giving out leaflets. Back to room A again. "Strip to the waist, take off your shoes and socks, put your shoes back on, take off your shirts--yes, leave your pants on." They weren't given any valuables bags but they put their clothes in a basket.

On Victor's chest was written "End the War," on his back "End the Draft--call 547-7919." "Put your shirt on!" So he put on his T-shirt. On that he had written "Save the flag" on an American flag. "Put on your other shirt and get in line!" So he did, while talking with those around him about the draft. Near a window, he took off his shirts and put them in a basket. He was told to put his shirt on again, so he did--his T-shirt. Surrounded by quite a crowd now and ten army men, shirts on again, off again, the whole thing was straightened out. He went now to find his folder.

It was gone. In its place there was another belonging to a guy he knew in high school. He started to look for him, handing out leaflets on the way. Another army man was called over. He had finally found his folder, so that was OK, but now he was asked if he would check his flight bag. "No." "You have to." "No." He insisted, so Victor said OK, and took out his leaflets. "What are



those?" "Leaflets." "You can't take them with you. Do you intend to take your physical?" "Yes, but I'm keeping these."

He was taken to Lt. Sgt. Johnson, and they talked a while about rights and the physical. He told Victor that if he handed in the leaflets or promised not to distribute them, he could take the physical. Victor told him that if he had a right to send men to Vietnam, he (Victor) had a right to distribute the leaflets. Lt. Sgt. Johnson told him that unless he conformed, he had no choice but to classify him as a non-cooperator. Then he went to make a phone call, about Victor, and returned and repeated what he had said already. Victor repeated what he had said already. Johnson made another phone call--to the police--and when he returned Victor asked him to put in writing that he had refused to hand over his leaflets, but hadn't refused the physical. Johnson said no, but he would write a letter to Victor's draft board about the event.

Well, the police came, but he left some copies of "Veterans' Stars and Stripes" on the back seat. They dropped him off--on the other side of the gate--and he went home.

--Ptirim Murphy

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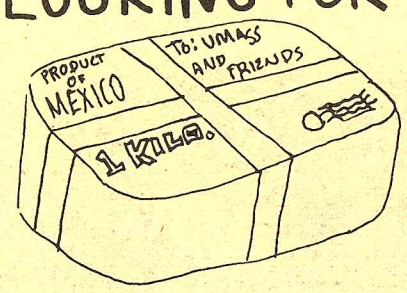

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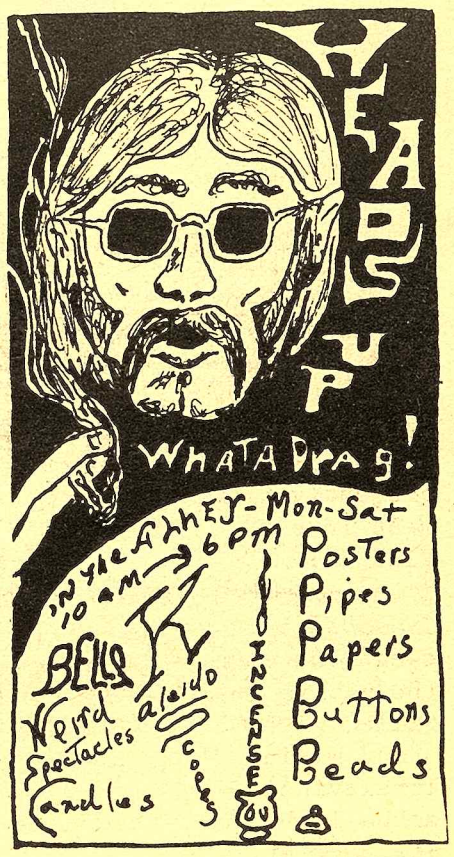
LOVE



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CAL MYSFICAL
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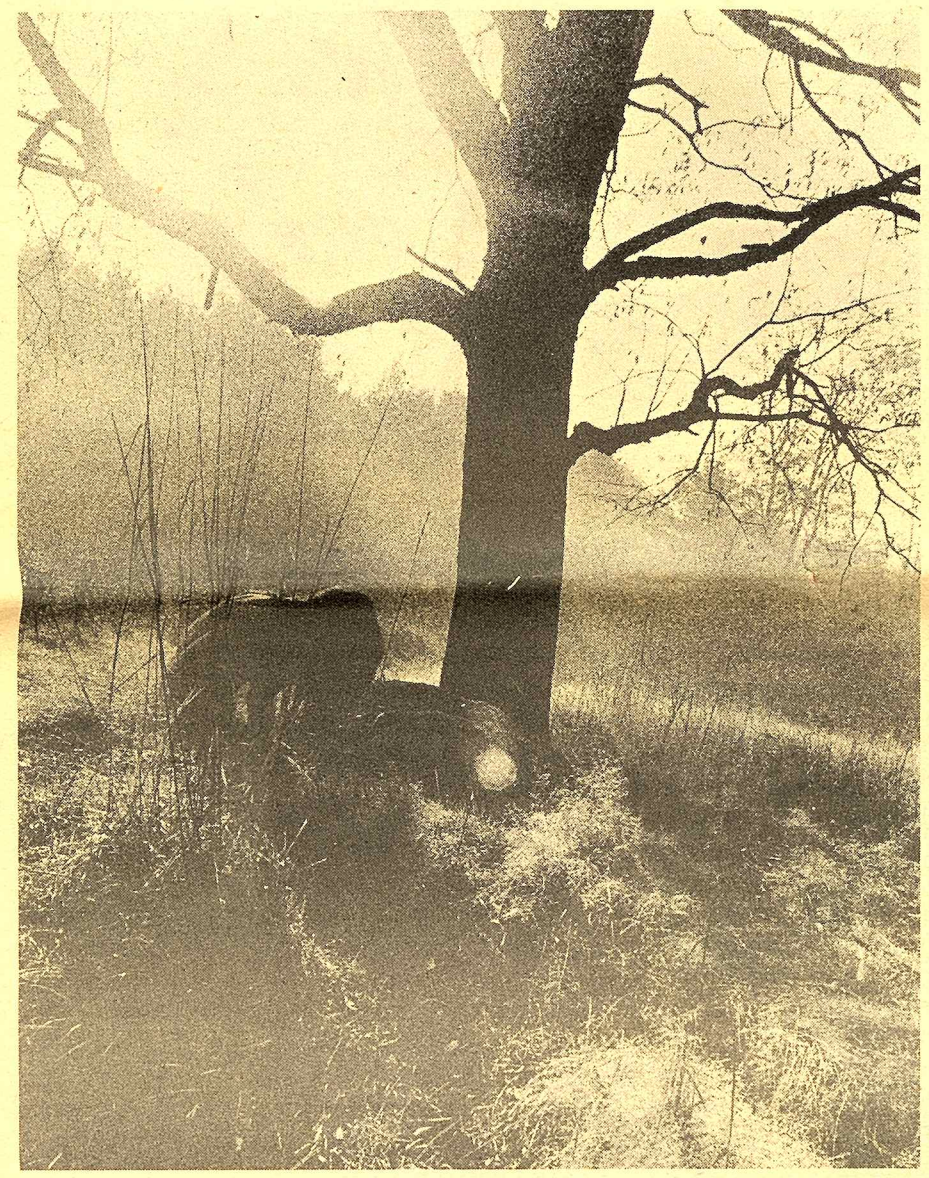
It is not difficult for me or for anyone else to predict the reactions of you the reader or any other products of our moral society if I were to expose my genitals before you. But I invite you to expose yourselves now, for I have a great love of the human body, and if you see filth, it is not mine, for I am clean. If you see filth, you have put it there. Because you are chaste, because you are moral; but you were not always so virtuous--neither was I.



When I came into physical being, when I was born, I had no idea of good or evil; I had no reason to believe my genitals were especially disgusting. "My Privates," they were a part of my healthy young human body, to be touched, to be admired, as is one's beautiful curly hair, or handsome face, or smooth delicate hands. I hated no one, especially not myself. I did not fear death or the unknown, because the unknown was unknown and accepted as such. I was neither happy nor unhappy, I had to learn that also.

Unfortunately I was physically dependent on the breast which fed me. I loved this breast and its owner, my mother. I had no reason to believe she desired to harm me, I had no reason to believe she would teach me evil: for neither the word nor the concept of evil did exist; nor did good, its counterpart.

I had the universe in my mouth and was happy. I cannot avoid the word happy now, it has been taught to me. It is a ready-made goal given to me by society, a goal attained only once at my mother's breast, because after this flash of universal acceptance, this hour of fearlessness, shamelessness, amorality, goodlessness, I began to mature by chastisement:

First for going where I was not supposed to go--Slap!
I feared that place.
Touching my own body--Slap!
I touched it no more and I knew shame.

I was then warned against the dirty old men near the school yard, the drunk in the gutter, the potential evil in my peers: I could not stare into the eyes of a stranger without doubt, without fear. I was informed that my body would die, that high places were dangerous, that evil men work their evil deeds at night, that the boogie man hides in the closet and that someday, when I do not obey my mother's commands, he will get me, get me. I had learned what that meant--I was scared!

I was being given my fears, I was being given the tools with which to fight them--bravery, courage, virtue. I was given humility, being told that there is always a man better than I; before, I had no idea that I was inferior to any man.

They taught me what society values--money and comfort;
They advocated confidence and damned conceit;
They peddled meekness--it shall inherit the earth--and laughed at weakness;

They sold their section of the earth called America, as if they owned part of this earth.
They prized patriotism but damned foreign nationalism;

They advocated healthy competition, but condemned aggressiveness and preached unity.
They damned pre-marital sex but applauded the married couple with twelve children, with a little smirk.
They taught me degrees of good, degrees of evil.
They advocated truth in certain circumstances and condemned the man who doesn't use the little white lie.

We used to play a game where two people would sit facing each other and stare into each other's eyes--a staring contest. It took strength to win, it took thoughts of something other than the eyes of your opponent. It should not be an endurance contest--Have you ever stared into the eyes of a baby or a cat--they can outstare you, because for them it is not a contest: they have nothing to hide, nothing to fear. But they will learn.

They will learn to cringe at impending danger.
They will learn not to venture into the darkness alone.
They will learn that the truth is to be feared.

They will learn to live with constant fear, doubt, dishonesty, insincerity, and perversion--which is each one of us. And the fear of bodily injury, embarrassment, death, sex, and the multitude of others which compose your personality, your ego. This layer of learned scum, which covers the newborn babe which we all are, will perpetuate itself, for although one speaks of God and eternal life, your ego knows that it will die when your body expires.

While this universal lover, which
we all are, begs for unity, accept-
ance, expression which is denied by
tradition, fear, our egos.
It. I will call the ego it for the
monster it is.
It has learned to love comfort,
convenience, America,
It will die for them,
It would rather kill, destroy a
human being, than be inconvenienced.
Thieves have been killed for
stealing--are possessions more
valuable than a human being?
Men are killing and being killed
in wars for values that will be dead
in a hundred years.
Men are cheating, lying, suffering
for money, social status, comfort--
all transient commodities which will
die with the ego.
All of these men seek happiness:
the thief, the owner of the store who
kills the thief, the soldiers--on
both sides, the liars, con men, rap-
ists, murderers, priests, monks, rab-
bis, we as students, we as human be-
ings. We seek happiness in all ways
except one, the one which alone bring
brings true happiness: the happiness
of the babe, of the idiot, of the
cat.
What is the truth that the baby
lives? What is the truth crushed by
our fear?
It is the truth of the universe,
of unity.
The truth of our existence as part
of the universe.
I know this is hard for your ego
to accept. You are not an exception,
your bodies and your egos are expend-
able, you will not be John Jones for-
ever: transitory existence is an ex-
pression of the truth.
Man has separated himself from the
order, the unity of the world. He has
placed himself above nature because
of his "intellect."
He seeks the supernatural for him-
self, fearing that the natural is as
high as one can climb.
He refuses to believe that he is
a part of the natural. Because of his
intellect he has done this, but as
there are degrees of strength, height
and speed, there are degrees of in-
tellectual capacity, and since he is
supposedly at the top of the intell-
ectual ladder, he believes that he is
separate from the ladder.
We are human beings, inhabitants
of planet earth.
We are all equal as human beings,
and should accept ourselves as such--
your ego must admit this truth if you
are to be happy.
Beneath these fears I see before
me are your true selves--
You know we are the same--simply
different
Expressions of the same.
Jesus Christ knew this, he knew he
was one with all, with every-
one,
He loved indiscriminately, he
feared nothing,
For he knew there is nothing to
fear;
he realized that the true self is
immortal
he called it the soul,
the soul is truth,
the soul is untouched by embar-
rassment or any other fear
which infects the ego,
the soul fears no death--there is
none.
But, as in religion, one's ego
learns it must wait until death to
be free of the physical limits and
suffering of the human body.
The existence of Jesus proves this
wrong.
I know it is wrong and

You know also.
I am trying to be sincere and live
the truth. I will do nothing that I
do not desire to do, for to deny my
soul expression, to deny my intellect
its unique expression, is to be dis-
honest and insincere to myself.
I am transcending the fears that I
have learned, the fear of social dis-
grace, the fear of the United States
Government, the fear of myself and of
others--they cannot harm me--
I am transcending virtue and
shame.
I want to be able to look into any
one's eyes and see the being, the
soul which is identical to me: I want
to look and see a reflection of my-
self.
I want you to know that this per-
son whose words you see before you is
a unique expression of yourself. I

cannot harm you, or your soul--we are
one.
You will be in your human form,
but do not waste it in useless hate,
fear self-pity, and shame.
Do you not desire happiness?
Do you not want to relate to all
about you?
Do you not desire to be God
to be the universe
to be a human being
instead of a unique combination of
terror.
For unity you need truth,
Truth is sincerity.
I am trying to love you and me:
I will succeed, I will be one with
all
You will succeed
if you strip yourself of your
fears and morality;
and live and love.

--Peter Glenn Knowles

N.Y. RESISTANCE DIARY

Monday 12/4/67: Today was rest day for me. I had no intentions of turning in my draft card--for a variety of reasons, but mainly because of a lack of balls. I took the subway to Brooklyn and found the Church with little trouble.

The Church pastor colected Draft Cards and anti-Draft cards (stating that you have aided and advised people not to cooperate with the Draft--good for chicks, people over 30 and cowards like me who feel they'll be ignored) and spoke about the importance of non-cooperation on moral grounds.

A slight hassle began as some chick realized that by signing an anti-Draft card she was liable for the same penalties as non-cooperators. She demanded her card back and spoke to a few reporters. I felt like kicking her teeth in because she was hurting the Movement and she was smaller than me.

Nothing much else was scheduled, so I went home.

Tuesday 12/5/67: I got up at five and went to White-Hall Street Induction Center, an old symbol of the Draft in New York City--responsible for about 250 inductees a day. A lot of cops, a lot of marchers (somewhere between two and five thousand--I'm not really skilled in estimating crowds, but then, neither is the NY Times.)

The plan was to go under police lines, sit on the steps of Whitehall, be warned, be arrested. It went off almost without a hitch. There were few charges of anything greater than Disorderly Conduct and Resisting Arrest. Probably another case of confusion, because almost everyone above the cretin level was aware of what was up. The cops were overwhelmingly polite, and so was the crowd (Lindsay praised both sides at his press conference.)

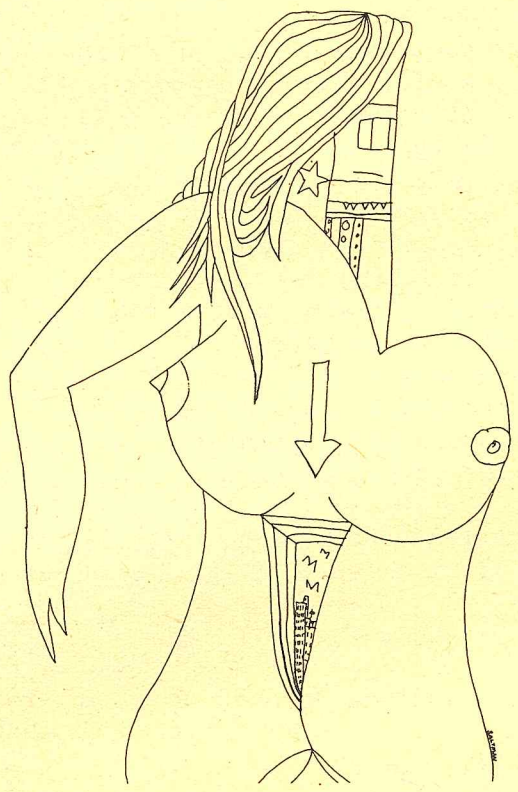
Wednesday 12/6/67: Arrived at Whitehall fifteen minutes late. Saw at least 75 cops inside the Subway. When I got to the first rally, I was overwhelmed: there were 4000 cops (police figure) in a one-block spread around Whitehall. They were obviously armed and dangerous, but we decided to go on with our plans anyway.

We regrouped at 8:15, less than 1000 of us. Everyone knew that Wednesday was the turning point; after today we would snowball or dwindle to nothing. Besides being out-armed, we were out-numbered. We were beaten at Whitehall, but no one was sure what to do. Three alternatives: close Wall St by force; picket Rusk at 50th St.seventy blocks away or picket City Hall, telling Lindsay we were scared by so many cops.

My thoughts on these things were: one, not well enough organized for mobile tactics; two, couldn't possibly stick together for 75 blocks; three; not scared enough yet to run to Uncle Mayor with my problems. I did feel that the main thing was to get out of Battery Park, where newsmen were recording the rather violent argument. All solutions led uptown, so we just started walking.

We were effective in stopping traffic for about 15 blocks, but only sporadically effective after that. After about twenty blocks, I was strongly tempted to go home--by this time we were well-dispersed because of lack of leadership and were unable to walk in the streets most of the distance. We decided to stop for coffee and cigarettes and take a subway up to the Rusk picketing. "City Hall," by this time, had fallen apart, and "Wall Street" was never, in anyone's mind, going to work without planning. There were a couple of hundred people at "Rusk's Affair" when I left, the typical "I picket" type thing.

At 11:15, I got back from planning meeting. Happy that militant groups won out. Tomorrow, we assemble at Whitehall at 5:30 a.m. and from there split into mobile tactical groups of about 100. We will attack



pre-determined but unannounced areas throughout Manhattan. Main danger is that we'll confront the police, not the war. Danger that we'll get badly busted up whenever we are caught. Solution: don't get caught! Picket line at Whitehall will be maintained by much less radical--or physically unable--groups. "Less radical" groups have joined radicals.

I'm pissed off because I'm too excited to sleep, but will be there tomorrow.

Thursday 12/7/67: Arrived at Whitehall where cops outnumbered protestors three to one. People standing about, or milling around aimlessly. Leadership was visibly absent. Dr. Spock spoke on the harassment of marchers by police--that was useless.

A counter picket of longshoremen had been set up down by the Ferries--four blocks from where most protesters were--and I later heard that there were skirmishes which the police intervened in or ignored, depending on who was winning. Suspicious of characters milling about the crowd urging people to go to various places, one of which was the UN. I decided to go to City Hall because it seemed easiest. Thought briefly about Spellman's funeral which was scheduled to have HHH, but decided it wasn't worth it. Spellman had done the world a favor by dying and I didn't want to be reminded of him.

At 6:15 I got a call from the friend. Told me that U.N. was a trap. Everyone who arrived at U.N. was arrested immediately--at least 125--and carted off in three vans waiting for them. General speculation that people arrested at U.N. would have charges dropped due to INTEGRATION OF SEXES in vans--against the law in New York City. Cops did it to get people hustled away, figuring to break up protest.

Another phone call at 9:30. Assembly at Whitehall has been changed from 5:30 to 8:00 a.m. tomorrow morning. Wondered how many protestors did not--or would not--hear this. The Lower East Side Mobilization for Peace Action has about twenty members who only let each other know what's happening.

The effectiveness of this week has been nil, but so far: cost the city at

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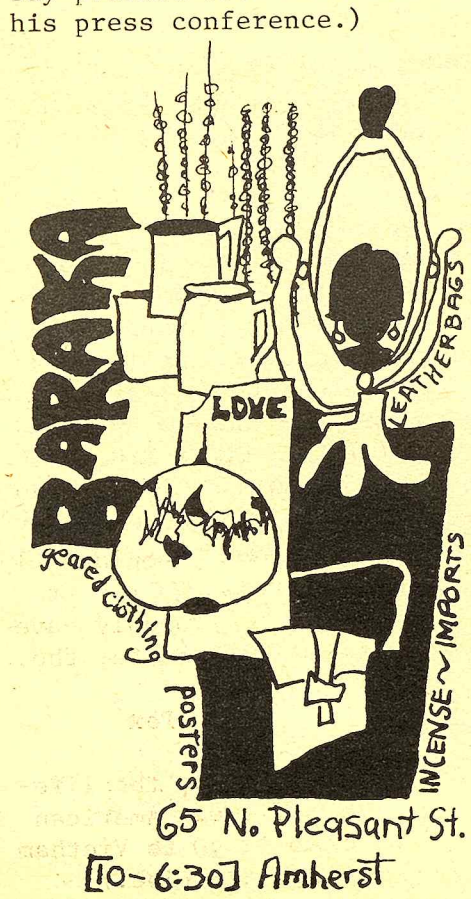

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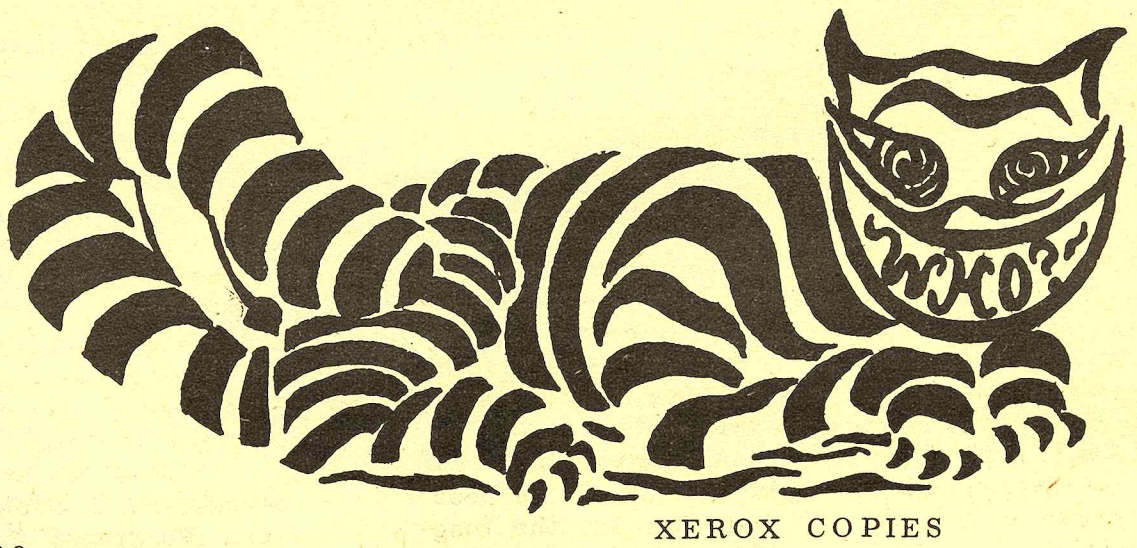

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ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

in a far-away land, a chronic shop-lifter was again brought before the king. This king, being both a wise man and a kind ruler, decreed that instead of the gallows the man would have intensive psychiatric care.

After four years of weekly visits it was determined that the man's condition was the result of a deprived childhood and that his repeated offenses were simply a quest for love. The man was pronounced cured and released with a new suit of clothes and ten dollars to make another start in life.

Meanwhile a rich, old, eccentric nobleman in the kingdom had been following the man's progress and upon his release offtered him an all-inclusive expense account if the man would go out into the world and search for the real meaning of love. The man accepted after much persuasion and was not heard of for ten years except for bills the nobleman recieved once a month.

Out of curiosity the nobleman sought out the man to learn of his findings. He found the man running a small potato farm on a tropical island with his wife and two children. They were sitting around their kitchen eating the year's crop of potatoes and sipping apricot brandy from jelly glasses.

After helping them polish off the nine potatoes they had harvested, he asked that man what he had found thus far in his search. The man reached across the table and held his wife's hand. He told the nobleman that she and his two children were what he had found. The nobleman said he was satisfied and that he had decided to continue his support. Then he thanked the wife for supper and took his leave.

The man never saw the nobleman again, but he received a Christmas card each year and upon the death of the nobleman he learned that provision had been made for their support for as long as they both lived on the condition that the man give a full report the next time they ran into each other.

--Bruce Fletcher

Semi-poetry eleven

twelve o'clock by the north side
bridge,
climbing up, over the side,
somebody cried,
somebody died,
but no one wept.

voices in the wet night proclaim
"musta been insane,"
but the uninterested rain,
after relinquishing its claim,
flows silently into the gutter.

r. a. james

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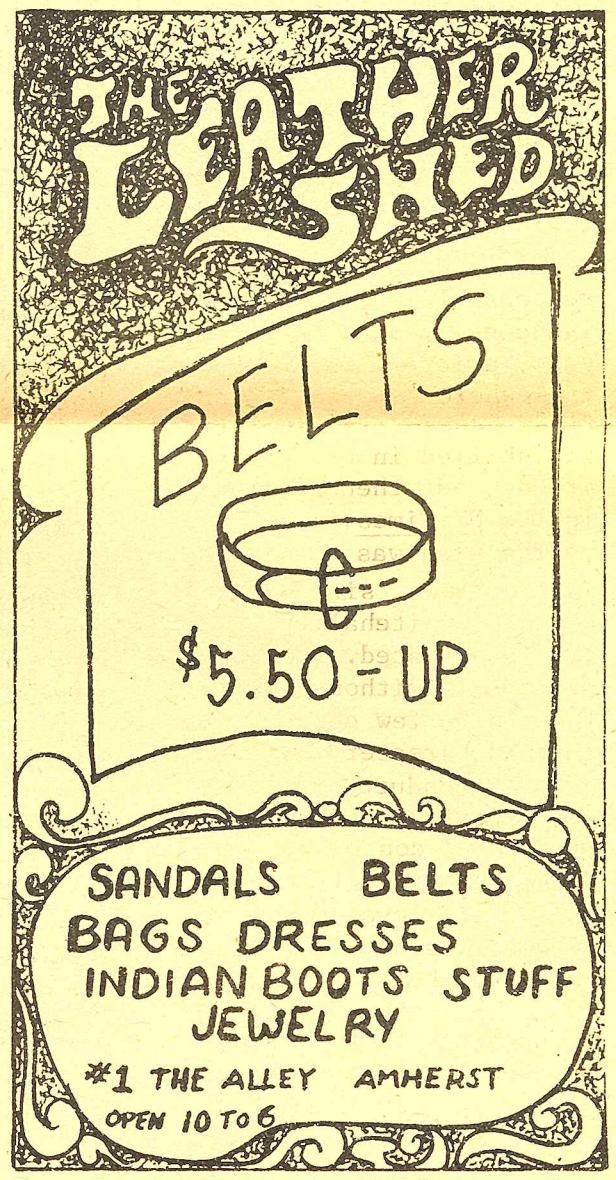

N.Y. DIARY

continued from p.10

least $75.00 x 1500 x 4 overtime pay, times the number of days including tomorrow; scared the police well enough that they had to plan traps for us.

May not seem like much but it produced repercussions. Lindsay would have to appeal to someone for dough for a thing like this to be sustained.

FRIDAY 12/8/67

(8:00 a.m.) Got to Battery Park, people milling around. Cops in their usual abundance. But Parade Committee leadership more evident than yesterday. Plan to march out of Park, up Broadway to predetermined but unannounced objective.

The march was pretty to see: we were four abreast on the left sidewalk and foot-cops were four abreast on the right sidewalk. There were also horse-cops and plainclothesmen in the streets. One or two thousand of us and about the same of them. Cops were more passive today than before. One of the people that they let the longshoremen beat up was an observer. We went along without incident until 14th Street (about twenty-five blocks). Part of the group split for Union Square--it was immediately dispersed. The rest of us, plus whatever stragglers could muster back to Broadway--proceeded to 22nd Street where U.S. Army Intelligence something-or-other is located. We were dispersed with the usual amount of violence. Some people wanted to go to Times Square, but it was obvious we wouldn't be allowed to go in a group. Some took a subway. Some went home. Time 12:30 p.m.

Our week was over. We accomplished little and were frustrated about it. The people who marched and showed up day after day unfortunately won't be able to say their work was not in vain.

As a show of power, we had failed miserably; but we've learned something: Short of revolution or national strike, we are not going to scare anyone. We are not going to get a choice in the next election unless we are a cohesive power that can be measured and respected. We're kidding ourselves if we give up--but baby, where do we go from here? We'll pick up the pieces and start over again. It's my world as much as it is L.B.J.'s. I'll be damned if all I do is go out and "have a beer" and make love" complacently while he tries to run it and me. I'll probably have a few of both tonite, tho.

Pax

(Hopefully in the lifetime of every American forced to go to Vietnam or anywhere else.)

--John Griffin